

NY.

He Did Not Explain.

When Billings took his seat at the breakfast table he saw the storm signals on his wife's brow. The storm was not long in coming. As he began to cut the steak she broke out with:

"Well, are you satisfied now? You have driven mother from the house, and perhaps I will follow her. Oh, it was brutal! brutal!"

"Would you mind telling me what was brutal?" asked the astonished Billings.

"Ah, you pretend not to know," sneered his wife. "Perhaps I will have to repeat it for your information. Everybody in the house heard the insult you offered my mother."

"Now, look here," said Billings, getting angry, too. "I want to know right off what you're driving at. What insult do you mean?"

"All right, I'll tell you, if I must," Mrs. Billings replied. "When you came in from your club meeting early this morning you said you were very tired and went to bed at once. Well, five minutes afterward you shouted at the top of your voice: 'I've got a full house! I've got a full house, I tell you!' Mother heard you, and of course she knew you meant there wasn't room for her here, so she got right up, packed her clothes and started for home at daylight. When I spoke to you you pretended to be asleep. But even if you were asleep, you were saying what was on your mind. So it is just as bad. Oh, it was brutal!"

Billings could have explained, but he didn't, for he had solemnly promised his wife not to touch a card during Lent.

In the Heat of the Conflict

HE—Do you think your judgment is as good as mine?

SHE—Oh, no, dear. Our choice of life partners proves that it isn't.

"PUTTING AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS."



As I had package on top clock, and began 11 o'clock when she and shouted he bargain down the serious consequence jumped up able expecting to a detained much road to my room door has a spring out, so it seems my room from occupied by nine not suspect any

After angle to one by seconds did the appear come out and was

"She face of her, and covered

how I entered looked were all ch girl turned used—the clock there was no was responsible the money dis- who stood be- charged her with confessed."

"It" asked Mr. Benlock Jones was ever put

ABLE TIME.

What Prevented.

I know full well this form of mine
Was once a monad cell
Jammed full of old primordial mist,
And latent heat as well.
Amoebacally have I crept
From chaos dark and glum,
The while subletting growing cells
To youthful pabulum;
And as I've evolved on
With many a wriggling squirm,
Assuming contour by the aid
Of smelling blastoderm,
I've never thought to trace the why
Or wherefore of my race—
To search the prehistoric earth
For models of my face—
But this I have forever thought—
Sometimes of it I dream—
When full of mist and heat, why did
I not go up in steam?

Her Lenten Service.

Now the dainty Lenten maiden
Lays aside her Winter's folly
And bids her dinner parties
Come to Cholly's
Conclusion,
And sonnet



CLERK (yelling furiously)—Cash! Cash!
MRS. MURPHY—Be gobbs! yez needn't scare me ter death. Its always cash I pay whin I have it wid me!

He Did.

BLOWIT—Are you a weather prophet?
KNOWIT—Well, I guess.

A Boston Romance

CHAPTER I.

"I am sorry to pain you," said the old Professor with kindly gravity, "but I must refuse absolutely to permit you to pay your addresses to my daughter. She could never be happy with you. She is, as you know, devoted to books, and is fonder of Greek roots than of caramels and ice cream combined. You, on the other hand, give all your thoughts to football and other field sports. I know of nothing against your character except your aversion to Homer; still, I am convinced that a union between persons with such different tastes is sure to result in unhappiness to both."

"One thing more, it has been the dream of my life, since Minerva was born, to see her married to a man fitted to succeed me as Professor of Greek in the University. You know you are not that man. You know!"

"But I can study and fit myself for that high position," cried Edgar Dedham, his face lighting up with enthusiasm. "If you give me the hope that I may one day win Minerva I will devote myself to learning and return here for my reward when I shall have become as learned as you. You think that impossible, but all things are possible to him who loves truly."

"Very well," said the Professor, smiling. "When you are as learned as I am you may come back and ask my daughter's hand."

"That's a go," was Edgar Dedham's brief reply, as he started for the door.

CHAPTER II.

The years passed by. Neither the Professor nor Minerva received any tidings from the young man. The former concluded that Edgar had found the acquisition of knowledge no snap and had gone into some better paying business. The girl still hoped that her lover would some day return to claim her, but her hope was growing less month by month, and more than once she was inclined to smile on the suit of the Professor of Biology. Finally she announced to her father that she would abandon all thought of the young man if he did not return within ten years.

CHAPTER III.

It was the night of the last day of the tenth year since Edgar Dedham had gone forth to seek knowledge. The Professor and his daughter sat in their study discussing a passage in the Iliad. The bell rang. A moment later Edgar stepped into the room. He was so emaciated and bent that even Minerva would not have recognized him but for the absence of a piece of the left ear, which had been lost in the football field eleven years before.

"I have come to claim my reward," said the prematurely aged young man, looking fondly at the girl. "I have kept my word. I am now fitted to take your place any time. Once more I ask!"

"Not so fast," interrupted the Professor. "No doubt what you say is true; still before going any further it might be well to submit some proof, to have a little examination or—"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Edgar. "You want proof that I have cornered all human knowledge? Here it is. Just look at this paper."

The Professor glanced at the paper and immediately grasped both of the young man's hands, exclaiming: "It is enough! The paper certifies that you passed successfully the mental examination for a place on the New York police force. Any man who can do that is competent to fill not only the chair of Greek, but any or all the chairs in the University. I am proud to shake your hand. Now go to Minerva. If she still loves you and you want to get married before noon to-morrow, I shall offer no objection."

UNREASONABLE.

